



INTENTIONS VERSUS CASH.



Mr. Broke—My intentions are good. Mrs. Broke—But the grocer and butcher won't credit them.—Chicago Journal.

**Managing a Prima Donna.**  
Friend—What's worrying you?  
Manager—The prima donna of my company refuses to sing oftener than twice a week. I am making only hundreds where I ought to make thousands.  
Friend—Huh! I'd settle that. If I were you I'd marry her.  
Same Friend (a year later)—My gracious! You look seedy. What's happened?  
Manager—I married her, and now she won't sing at all.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Love's Labor Lost.**  
Anxious Mamma—Clara, dear, what did Mr. Coldcash say last night when he was trying to button your glove in the hall?  
Clara—Oh, he merely said that any man who made gloves that were so hard to button as mine ought to quit the business.  
Anxious Mamma—Well, dear, take my advice and don't waste any more time in that direction.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



"Gran'ma!" "What is it, Dicky?" "I wish there wuz somebody roun' here big 'nough 't' wash your face as hard as you wash mine."—Detroit Free Press.

**Lacking Civic Pride.**  
"I understand," said the first Chicago man, "that one of our naval officers discovered a new island in the Pacific and annexed it in the name of Uncle Sam."  
"Yes," said the other, "and the officer, by the way, is a native of Chicago."  
"What? Fine citizen, he is! Why didn't he annex it to Chicago?"—Philadelphia Press.

**Worth Considering.**  
"I don't see," said the thoughtful theorist, "how people ever managed to die before all these new modern diseases were discovered. Perhaps it was a wise dispensation of Providence that there should be so much violence and fighting in the early days."—Chicago Post.

**Her Point of View.**  
He—Miss Longleigh's dresses always look so neat; don't you think so?  
She—Yes; for one who has so little to dress on.  
He—Why, I thought she was quite wealthy?  
She—So she is—but she's so awfully thin.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Rash Husband.**  
Eleanor—In war, Cossacks ride right over everything and everybody.  
Edgar—H'm! Eleanor, you're a kind of a Cossack.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**Figuring the Chances.**  
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have made an investment."  
"Have you?"  
"Yes. I think it is a very good one, too. I've bought a ticket for a piano that is going to be raffled off."  
"How many chances are there?"  
"A thousand. That's what decided me. When there are so many chances as that, one ought to stand a real good show, oughtn't one, Charley, dear?"—Washington Star.

**Poor Pa.**  
Eddie—Aren't you sorry that you are an only child?  
Freddie—Oh, no; I don't mind it, but it's tough on pa.  
Eddie—How so?  
Freddie—Well, you see, I'm getting too big for him to have to take me to the circus, and there aren't any younger kids in the family for him to fall back on.—Brooklyn Life.



"But you used to laugh uproariously at Borely's stories?" "Yes; but I don't owe him anything now!"—Chicago American.

**Hard Luck.**  
They stood together in the hall, and the youth did loudly bawl: "Oh, maid of Clifton, ere we part, Give, oh, give me back my heart! But the maiden shook her head, And he got a marble one instead."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Ignoble Man Again.**  
"Well, what is the sense of the meeting?" asked the large lady who was presiding over the gathering of women, as she looked out over the sea of upturned faces.  
"It ain't got any," yelled a red-nosed man who had pushed his head in while the gentle door-tender was turning to make a motion.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Physician's Views.**  
He who eats and runs away Will have dys-pep-sia some day.—Baltimore American.



First Sweet Young Thing—Did he kiss you on the sly? Second Sweet Young Thing—No, dear; on the mouth.—Ally Sloper.

**He Made a Sale.**  
"I—er—wish to look at some—er—false hair," said the embarrassed young lady.  
"Very well, miss," rejoined the diplomatic salesman. "What shade does your friend wish?"—Chicago Daily News.

**An Unkind Reflection.**  
Guzzle—By Jove, old man, I've eaten so much pork this last week that I should be afraid to look a pig in the face.  
Sharpe—Oh! Then I suppose you don't shave yourself?—Ally Sloper.

## NO HOPE, EVEN HEREAFTER.

When Once a Woman Has Formed the Furniture-Moving Habit It Is All Up with Her.

I met him on the outskirts of the town. He had a hunted look. He was well dressed, and yet there was a pathos about him that I could not resist. Something had happened—was happening in his life—that required the deepest sympathy, says a writer in the New York Tribune.

"My friend," I said, "what is it? What is troubling you? I perceive that you are a sufferer. Tell me the story of your life. Can it be that you are without a home?"

"No," he replied, brokenly. "I have a home, but—prepare yourself for the worst!"

He burst into tears. "Calm yourself," I said. "I knew that some awful secret of the human heart was about to be revealed to me. I felt that I must steel myself to bear it with him. 'Calm yourself,' I repeated, 'and tell me all. I will do what I can to help you. Come, what is it?'"

"It is this," he replied. "My wife has the furniture-moving habit."

He eyed me with a kind of tragic curiosity. "Do you know what that means?" he asked. I shuddered in spite of myself. "I can imagine something about it," I said. "Is it fixed? Is it chronic?"

"It is," he replied. "There seems to be no help for it. It comes on, you know, in fits. For days before she has a pen-sive, far-away look. She is beginning to wonder whether the dressing table in the guest chamber wouldn't look better in the children's room, whether the bookcases shouldn't be moved out of the library into my den, whether my bureau isn't too big for me. After this, deadly cozy corners will begin to spring up all around the house."

"When I come home each night I will never know where I am going to sleep. It may be in the cellar, it may be in the attic. The beds are all so tired themselves when night comes that there is no sleep in them. Sir, I have to start in at eight o'clock each evening to kiss my children good night, and I give you my word that I seldom find them all before ten. Is there no hope? Can you suggest anything?"

"No," I said, "I cannot, my friend; no woman who has the furniture-moving habit was ever known to recover. But don't give up. There's a future somewhere. There's a happy home beyond."

He shook his head. "You forget," he said. It was plain that I had only accentuated his agony.

"Don't you see," he muttered, "that in that mansion in the skies there's nothing to prevent her from doing the same thing she does here?"

## IN THE DOMESTIC REALM.

Odd Bits of Information for the Benefit of the Careful House-keeper.

Making starch with soapy water is the best way to produce a gloss and prevent the iron from sticking.

The best way to mash potatoes is to rub them through a wire sieve; you can then be sure there are no lumps left.

Never put table linen into soap-suds until the stains have been removed by pouring boiling water through the linen.

When making a pudding don't forget to make a plait in the cloth at the top of your basin, so as to allow the pudding room to swell.

When boiling green vegetables, add a piece of sugar to the water; it is quite harmless, and preserves the color as well as soda would.

Before using a lamp wick soak it in strong vinegar, then dry it thoroughly, and it will burn both brightly and without any unpleasant smoke or smell.

Ink spilled on the carpet may be taken up without leaving a stain if dry salt be applied immediately. As the salt becomes discolored brush it off and apply more. Wet slightly. Continue till the ink has disappeared.

Where olive oil is not relished or does not agree with the digestion cream may be substituted in salad dressings. Even condensed milk will be found available if stirred in carefully to prevent curdling. When the latter is used it must be the unsweetened kind.

The beating of eggs to a froth is sometimes tiring work. The labor will be lightened if before breaking the eggs into the basin the latter is rinsed with cold water. Add to the egg a pinch of salt and while beating them stand in a good current of air and they will soon froth.

When the white of an egg is used the yolk is often left to harden and is then thrown out. A teaspoonful of cold water poured into the eggshell will keep it soft. If hardened, beat in a little milk and the yolk may be made usable again. Whites of eggs must be kept covered if not used at once.

To clean a straw hat place on a table or smooth board. Dip a stiff brush in water and shake off all the water possible; then dip in cornmeal and rub a small section of the hat. Continue dipping the brush in the meal and rubbing the same place till clean and dry. Do not wet the brush except the first time, but simply dip in the meal and rub until clean and dry. Wet the brush again and take another place. By thus cleaning only a small section at a time and drying as you clean the hat will require no pressing and will look as nice as new.

**Stewed Vegetable Marrow.**  
Cut a large marrow in small pieces, pare it, and remove the seeds. Fry the pieces with a slice of onion in plenty of boiling fat. When slightly brown put in a saucepan with enough stock or water to cover, and half a pound of button mushrooms. Add salt and pepper to taste, and simmer gently for one hour. Thicken the gravy with flour, and serve on squares of buttered toast.—Good Housekeeping.

## SUSPENDERS AND SUSPENSE

What Uncle Sam Needs the Former For as Stated by a Halting Speaker.

A certain congressman from a mountain district, says the New York Sun, is troubled with a weak, squeaky little voice, which sometimes fails in the midst of what might otherwise be an eloquent peroration.

Recently in addressing the house on a matter connected with tariff, he exclaimed:

"Why, tariffs are like a pair of suspenders, sometimes tight and sometimes loose; but Uncle Sam needs them just the same, to keep up his—"

Here the congressman's voice struck a high treble note, flared and stopped. The house held its breath while he cleared his throat. The suspense, which seemed to last for fully a minute, was more painful to the auditors than to the orator, for everyone was wondering whether he would say "trousers" or "pants," and some were even hoping that he might say "pantalons." Even "overalls" would be better than "pants," for "pants" is most unparliamentary.

But all fears were without foundation. He cleared his throat with the greatest care, and in a death-like stillness resumed his oration where he had dropped it: "to keep up his running expenses—"

The words, which followed were lost forever in a gale of laughter.

## SAVED CHILD'S LIFE.

Remarkable Cure of Dropsy by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sedgwick, Ark., July 11.—The case of W. S. Taylor's little son is looked upon by those interested in medical matters as one of the most wonderful on record. In this connection his father makes the following statement:

"Last September, my little boy had Dropsy; his feet and limbs were swollen to such an extent that he could not walk nor put his shoes on. The treatment that the doctors were giving him seemed to do him no good and two or three people said his days were short, even the doctors, two of the best in the country told me he would not get better. I stopped their medicine and at once sent for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I gave him three Pills a day, one morning, noon and night for eight days; at the end of the eighth day the swelling was all gone, but to give the medicine justice, I gave him eleven more Pills. I used thirty-five Pills in all and he was entirely cured. I consider your medicine saved my child's life. When the thirty-five Pills were given him, he could run, dance and sing, whereas before he had been in bed, in his mother's arms from morning until night."

## HONORS WERE PLUMB EVEN

Out-of-Town People Have Something to Talk About as Well as City Folks.

Maxfield Parrish, the illustrator, has a picturesque house in Vermont, and from this pleasant home he often makes excursions into the wildest and most isolated parts of the state, says the New York Tribune.

During a recent visit to New York Mr. Parrish said:

"I stopped overnight at a lonely Vermont farm last month. The house commanded a barren and desolate landscape. It was anything but gay."

"I remember the brief conversation I had with the farmer as he showed me to my bed. 'A very quiet place,' I said."

"It is," said he. "Does a newspaper ever find its way here?"

"Seldom,"

"Then," I said, "you don't hear much of what is going on in New York, eh?"

"No," said the farmer, grimly, "but then, you see, they don't hear much in New York of what is going on here, either."

**Shore Bird Shooting.**  
The season of 1904 which opened July 1st in New York State—Long Island gunners report a record breaker. Of the forty odd varieties making Long Island an annual visitation, the flights arriving have been exceeding large and the end is not yet. Plover and yellow legs and all the other well known varieties are found in their usual haunts in exceedingly large numbers, hence the shooting along Great South Bay from Babylon through Patchogue and Moriches and both sides of Fire Island have been exceedingly good. Same is true on the Shinnecock Bay shooting grounds. Along both shores of Gardners and Peconic Bays, and while not in such a great number of varieties, on the north or Sound shore of the Island the shooting is exceedingly good its entire length. Of the near by grounds, Jamaica Bay with its innumerable islands and flats running well into the water, furnish to the old timer hunting ground that is not excelled and possibly not even equaled elsewhere on the Atlantic coast.

**No Mister.**  
Elihu Root, who has returned to the practice of law in New York city, has engaged a new office boy. Said Mr. Root: "Who carried off my paper basket?" "It was Mr. Reilly," said the boy. "Who is Mr. Reilly?" asked Mr. Root. "The janitor, sir." An hour later Mr. Root asked: "Jimmie, who opened the window?" "Mr. Lantz, sir." "And who is Mr. Lantz?" "The window cleaner, sir." Mr. Root wheeled about and looked at the boy. "See here, James," he said, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." In ten minutes the door opened and a small, shrill voice said: "There's a man here as wants to see you, Elihu."—Nashville Banner.

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One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, itching feet. At all druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Way to the Top.**  
Mr. Slap—What is the secret of Gildiboy's success?  
Miss Bang—Why, he knew a girl who spends a thousand a year on dresses.  
"Ah, I see," he married her.  
"Oh, no; he married her dressmaker."—Comic Cuts.

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Why is it that we never find a bank cashier embezzling and going to jail who has not always been a model young man?—Chicago Journal.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

In marriage there is no place for egotism, on either side. An I for an I is the perfect law.—Puck.

Love your neighbor, but don't tear down the fence.—Chicago Journal.

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**MARKET REPORT.**

Cincinnati, July 9.

CATTLE—Common	\$3 25	@ 4 35
Heavy steers	5 10	@ 5 50
CALVES—Extra		@ 6 25
HOGS—Ch. packers		@ 5 60
Mixed packers	5 45	@ 5 60
SHEEP—Extra	3 35	@ 3 50
LAMBS—Spring	7 25	@ 7 50
FLOUR—Spring pat.	5 00	@ 5 39
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 07½	@ 1 08
No. 3 winter		@ 99
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 51½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 41
RYE—No. 2 mixed.	74	@ 76
HAY—Ch. timothy		@ 13 00
PORK—Clear family.		@ 15 10
LARD—Steam		@ 6 35
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.		@ 10
Choice creamery		@ 19½
APPLES—Choice	3 00	@ 4 00
POTATOES—New		@ 2 75
TOBACCO—New	5 25	@ 12 25
Old	4 75	@ 14 50

Chicago.

FLOUR—Winter pat.	4 55	@ 4 65
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 04	@ 1 05
No. 3 spring		@ 95
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 48½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	39½	@ 39½
RYE—No. 2		@ 65
PORK—Mess	12 60	@ 12 65
LARD—Steam	6 87½	@ 6 90

New York.

FLOUR—Win. str's.	4 65	@ 4 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 1 12
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 54½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	43½	@ 45½
RYE—Western		@ 70
PORK—Family	14 00	@ 14 50
LARD—Steam		@ 7 40

Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 84½
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 52
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 40½
CATTLE—Steers	5 70	@ 5 75
HOGS—Western		@ 6 05

Louisville.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 90
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 51½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 43
LARD—Steam		@ 6 87½
PORK—Mess		@ 13 50

Indianapolis.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 1 05
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 49
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 41½

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